

The CHIMES



January
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SCITUATE

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HIGH SCHOOL

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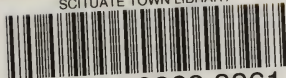
Boost Your Home Town !!

Trade Where Your Grandmother Did

WELCH'S

SCITUATE HARBOR





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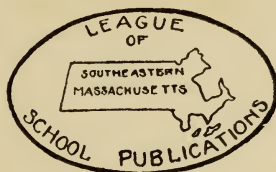
THE CHIMES

Vol. 1

January 1924

No. 1

Member of



Published by the Students of the Scituate High School, Scituate,
Massachusetts

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We wish to express our sincere thanks to the business men of this town for their hearty co-operation in helping us to finance the first issue of our school paper, THE CHIMES.

We, as a school, believe that while you are helping us in our project, you are also helping your own business.

We hope, too, that the townspeople will patronize you and help to make the coming year a success.

THE CHIMES

Under what is known as Lawson's Tower, a rusty water tank formerly stood, uncovered. When Dreamwold Hall was completed, Mr. Lawson discovered that a good deal of the view was spoiled by the unsightly water tank. To remedy this, he presented a proposition to the Water Company. The proposition was to allow him to erect a building over the tank, in which, in time, chimes would be placed. The Water Company agreed, realizing that the building would add to the beauty of the town, and the chimes would be very pleasant to hear.

Lawson's Tower was erected in 1901, with a great expenditure of labor, time and capital. Early in 1902 Mr. Lawson verified his proposition by purchasing from Meneely and Company, West Troy, New York, a set of excellent chimes. The bells were placed one hundred and twenty-one feet from the ground, thus enabling practically all the residents of Scituate to hear their inspiring music.

There is a sad incident connected with the tower, which is as follows: A young Swede, working on the tower, fell, and in a few minutes, he died. Superstitious people believe that he is heard moaning after the playing of the chimes.

When first installed, the chimes were rung an hour every night. After Mrs. Lawson's death, they were not touched for many years, but as weddings occurred in the Lawson family, the bells were rung. The chimes were also played on special occasions such as holidays, and celebrations, held in the town.

After Mr. Lawson's failure, Mr. Frederic Bailey purchased the chimes, and the Town of Scituate bought them from him in March, 1923, at the small price of three thousand, five hundred dollars. The tower was given to the Water Company.

The chimes are now played automatically every morning at seven, and every evening at six. They are also played on special occasions by Mr. Frederic Bailey.

As the chimes have a very interesting history, we hope our paper, which we have named for them, will have one as interesting. We also hope our CHIMES will ring out as beautiful a message in the future as that of the original chimes.

MARION DAMON, '25.

Bob Gardner—I was just fired.

Gert Stanley—What for?

Bob Gardner—For good.

* * * *

Rastus—Ah's always bearing other people's burdens.

Snowball—How am dat?

Rastus—Ah's a porter.

EDITORIALS

"I pity people who have no imagination. They must miss half the joy of life."

This from the lips of a girl who had next to nothing, whose time was occupied helping with the work of a large family and her studies; a girl who never went to the parties and theatres that other girls did. In her dreams she took wonderful trips to Europe and Alaska, and explored our own country. She had all the luxuries she longed for and went to party or theatre as her fancy desired. Here was a girl who, in spite of the sameness of her everyday life was happier than many a girl who has everything that she desires.

I know a girl who is an only child. Her father and mother are very rich and all her life she has had everything she could wish for. Now she is a woman and unhappy. She is tired of life at twenty-five when most people are just beginning to really live. She is bored by the daily occurrences around her. She has money to travel to the most beautiful and interesting places on earth but they hold no attraction for her. She can go to the most fascinating plays and hear the greatest musicians and operas, but she does not care for the plays and the wonderful music does not appeal to her. She can dance and frolic. She can have beautiful clothes, expensive jewelry and maids to wait on her, and yet she is unhappy. She has missed the good things in life. She has been pampered and spoiled until life holds no more for her. There is nothing left for her to anticipate, to work and wait for, because all her life everything has come to her. She does not realize that the things which we most appreciate are those which faith, hope, patience and hard work bring us. The happiness we receive is our reward.

Any young girl can brighten the apparently flat and neutral spots of life by merely slipping on her rose colored glasses. Then she can soar above the clouds dreaming her fanciful dreams. And when she comes back to earth again the world will seem brighter. She may hear the first bluebird or find the first snowdrop and the world will seem a beautiful place after all.

LOIS WILSON, '26.

Last year, much to our sorrow, our chic little Miss Murray deserted the Scituate High School. Certainly it was going to be a hard task to find her equal. Vague rumors were circulated to the effect that her successor would be a man.

Finally when the fall term opened, the students' critical eyes were all turned toward Miss Murray's successor, Mr. Norton. Everyone wondered as to the outcome of this change. Gradually as time wore on, Mr. Norton seemed to more than fill Miss Murray's place. Teaching chemistry, botany, and mathematics, acting as disciplinarian were a few of his duties.

It almost seemed that one-half of the burden of the school rested on his shoulders although Mr. Martin had plenty of arduous tasks himself.

Much to the boys' joy it was discovered that Mr. Norton had a knowledge of football, a sport dear to the heart of every American boy. Gradually the respect of the entire school has been accorded him and we hope that he will continue his interest in the Seituate High School.

MARGARET COLE, '25.

"Shall we permit the High School pupils to use the Town Hall for basketball? I should say not! There wouldn't be a thing left of it."

Now just a minute you fathers and mothers. Do you realize that therein lies a solution to a problem you face seven times a week: "Isn't there something we can get Johnnie to keep him home at night?"

How many dollars do you spend each Christmas for books and games? Johnnie reads the books and grows tired of the games within a week or two and then you are just as worried as ever. Perhaps you bought him a radio. That was successful for a time but isn't his interest beginning to wane now?

How many nights do you go to bed wondering whether Johnnie is "just down at the 'alleys'" as he always says he is, or hoping against hope that Sally is not "out flivvering" again?"

It is true that the present generation indulges in sports of which the past generation never even dreamed, but, are we wholly to blame that Susie Jones' quilting parties and Mary Morrison's candy-pulls are not included in our list of amusements? Time has erased those from our list and in their place has inserted basketball as an indoor sport. Now you have denied us that and where are we?

Of course we cannot completely blot out the memory of the careless usage which the hall received at the hands of High School students but we feel sure that we can redeem ourselves. Won't you give us an opportunity? Can't you see that if we could play basketball, there would be a number of nights during the winter when you would know just where Sally and Johnnie were? And on evenings when there were no match games everyone would be so tired from the practice game in the afternoon that it would seem good to stay at home and read the sporting news and eat fudge.

So if you will give us a chance to show you that we can use the Town Hall and still leave enough of it standing for the elections, if, instead of saying, "Oh, yes, I suppose you might as well," you will attend our games and give us the strong support of your enthusiasm and if, in addition to all this, *you* will try to *forgive* any past grievances, *we*, by our conduct will make you *forget*.

ELEANOR DWYER, '24.

APPRECIATION OF THE PAGEANTRY CLASS

The pageantry class is one of the newest additions to the school and to the art department.

In the pageantry course we study costumes of the different nations, seasons, and holidays. It includes scenery and stage setting for plays and decorations for parties.

During educational week we had great fun planning and arranging the decoration for the luncheons served by the "Household Arts Girls." We decorated the dining room five times in the Thanksgiving season, using different subjects but all appropriate for the season. This being the first year of the existence of the pageantry class, we have not been able to work out any stage setting, but we are hoping to have the opportunity soon.

The knowledge gained in this course, I think, will prove most useful in the plays and parties of the future, after we have left school and attend college or belong to clubs and societies. Everywhere people are needed who can arrange a stage setting properly or decorate for some holiday celebration using the right colors and symbols for the occasion. Many would willingly help, in fact would love to do this sort of thing if they had ideas and knew how to use them.

Mrs. Ward, the head of the art department, is our enthusiastic teacher and makes the class most interesting.

H. ALEXANDER, '26.

THE HIGH SCHOOL CAFETERIA

The High School Cafeteria is being carried on in the Annex and is in charge of Miss Ina Litchfield. About fifty pupils eat there each day. The girls who are studying Household Arts help to prepare and serve the food. This gives them practical training in this work.

In the Annex there is a long table on which the food is placed. Many different kinds of food are served, such as soup, cocoa, sandwiches, candy, fruit, ice cream, etc. You can get an entire lunch or as much as you desire. None of the dishes cost over ten cents; so a good lunch may be obtained for twenty-five cents. On a cold day the hot cocoa and soup taste very good in addition to the cold sandwiches brought from home; and on a warm day everyone likes an ice cream cone. Each person, after buying his food, carries it to the place where he intends to eat it. After eating he is expected to take his dishes and place them at one end of the table where they are collected and washed.

The teachers are served at a separate table, while the pupils have more than one table at which they may eat.

There is also a dining room where guests are served. All the guests have expressed their admiration of the way our cafeteria is being managed.

G. WHEELER, '26.

DRAMATICS

Perhaps you are the very one who so enjoys an evening's entertainment in which the actors and actresses are entirely unknown. Wouldn't you much rather attend a performance given by the local dramatic club, where you would recognize all the players? Most certainly you would. Therefore don't you think that dramas in High School should be encouraged? Don't let anything I may say persuade you; reason it out for yourself.

Twice a year each group of students in the language department entertains with plays, songs or recitations before the school. But do we stop at that? Indeed not, that is but a mere beginning as compared with the senior play or the play presented by the school as a whole, which is given as a public performance at the best local hall available.

The enjoyment which the audience receives from these entertainments no matter how great, can hardly compare with the vast amount of good it has done the performers and those otherwise connected with its production.

The actors and actresses can develop their minds for learning and memorizing in school, because in order to take his or her part well, the lines must be memorized and remembered as well.

The art department is of great assistance in planning the stage and surroundings.

Much competition enters in dramas. First, rivalry among the students to play the various parts. Each student has an opportunity to try out for the part for which he thinks himself best fitted, and the person who takes the part in public is the one who it best fitted for the part. Second, in the art classes the clever designers compete to produce their best work, for only the best is chosen to set off the play. Third, in the newly organized pageantry classes, the costumes are now planned; and last in the business department the typists compete in making an attractive program.

So you see dramas isn't all in the acting, for much work is done in the other school departments thus saving money and providing training along these various lines of activity. The next time you witness one of our High School performances, consider the talent of the players, the intricate designs which make up the background, the clever costumes of the players and then inspect your program, and I think you will feel satisfied that you live in a town which has such an efficient high school. Therefore don't you think dramas helpful to all courses and that they should be continued?

MAKING THE FRENCH LANGUAGE INTERESTING

The French play given by the pupils of the third year class at the Seituate High School was very good.

In this play the character of each actor was well described. The French scene at the railway station was exceptionally good. The substance of the play was very humorous and the characters acted the parts very well. The cast represented father, mother and daughter traveling. Their means of support was not sufficient but they were trying to act as if they were in a better position, both financially and socially, than they actually were. The father was supposed to have a wonderful education, (which he had not) and he was trying to show his artistic knowledge by making comments about the station.

This was a part well acted. The minor characters performed their parts skillfully also.

The language of the French is not difficult, yet neither is it very easy to learn. Considering that the pupils have studied French only one and one half years, many of them are mastering it remarkably well. Many citizens of the town were greatly impressed by the way the pupils spoke the French language. In the class room about one third of the time is devoted to conversation. Some of the pupils are corresponding with French students.

It is this language that everyone, sooner or later will use in some part of his or her career.

ROSE HERNAN, '26.

* * * *

Frye—Did you hear about the convict who stole a pair of policeman's pants and escaped?

Damon—No.

Frye—Well I read the headline in the paper. It is, "Fleas in policeman's pants".

* * * *

We editors may tug and toil
Till our finger tips are sore,
But some poor fish is sure to say,
"I've heard that joke before."

* * * *

Dull Latin Pupil—Say, what case do you put 'all his possessions' in?

Bright Pupil—Suitease.

* * * *

Mr. Martin asked his class to write a composition on "The Result of Laziness".

Ben Curran, who was as witty as he was lazy, passed in a blank piece of paper.

THE SCHOOL LIBRARY

When we came back to school in September we were very much surprised to find old Room Two changed into a cheery little library. And it surely was a pleasant surprise, for up to this time our encyclopedias, dictionaries, biographies and reference books had been scattered around the building and we either wasted time finding them, or else we couldn't find them at all.

Now we can walk into the library, look up the number of the book we want in the card catalogue, and find it in the bookcase. Of course, we became confused at first and could not find the books we wanted, but with Miss Dudley's help, which I am sure we all appreciated, we soon were able to get any book we needed to study.

Now it is quite a pleasure to go and read about little subjects that are brought up in class, or study some of the facts we wish to bring out in recitations; while before, we sometimes shirked our lessons with the very good excuse that we were not able to find the books containing the information we wanted.

The library walls are covered with burlap so that interesting clippings may be pinned up. One corner is given over to clippings and pictures of the Ancient History students who are daily bringing in subjects of interest. One of the members of the Sophomore English class put up a picture of David Warfield as Shylock as the class is reading "The Merchant of Venice", and all the students are gladly bringing things interesting to different classes.

Our library has but two bookcases at present, but it is so arranged that others may be added when needed. The three reading tables are used at all times by pupils seeking information.

The students seem to appreciate this new addition to the school and when in the room conduct themselves in a quiet and business-like manner. The library is increasing rapidly as books are added from time to time. All it really needs is a good set of encyclopedias which would be helpful to all students and especially to those studying general science and biology. This will, no doubt, be added to the school library in a short time.

The school has really derived great benefit from the library and expects to see valuable additions in the future.

RAY ELLIS, '26.

Heard in History Class

M. Merritt (to history teacher)—Did Nero burn Rome?

Mr. Martin—Yes.

M. Merritt—His mother shouldn't of let him play with matches.

* * * *

Pa—Whom do you go with every week-end?

L. Wolfe (who doesn't get his meaning)—I only go with strong quarter-backs.

ATHLETICS

The Scituate High School should have a very good team next season. For an organization just starting, they are very good. It is composed of eight freshmen, which leaves practically the same material for next season. The team is young and, of course, has much to learn, but after practice will be able to play against any high school of its weight on the South Shore.

McCarthy at calling signals has proved to be a snappy field general. Murphy, playing right half back and Dwyer at left half are good ball carriers and broken field runners. Webster playing fullback does the punting and has shown himself to be a valuable man in plunging through center for long gains. Sharp is very fast in getting down under the punts. Wherity excels at tackling and could also be used as a back-field man in carrying the ball.

"Watch 'em."

G. MURPHY, '24.

It is the purpose of the pupils to prepare three issues of THE CHIMES this school year. The next issue is planned for Easter and the last for June. We would like to consider the possibility of making the June issue an Alumni number. We would like to enlarge and improve the magazine and possibly turn over a certain part of the space to the alumni. An active alumni association is a great asset to any school. It means added loyalty, increased and more intelligent interest, and it is a source of inspiration both to the undergraduate students and to the alumni. It would encourage us greatly to have all alumni, who read this article, send us a letter, expressing opinions concerning this matter.

The editors realize that there are many weak spots in this, our first, number of THE CHIMES. We shall learn by experience. Let every member of the school get this point now — it requires worth while ideas expressed in written language to make any kind of a magazine. Get busy; think first, then write and rewrite until your thoughts live somewhat in the printed page.

EDITORIAL BOARD.

The Glasses to Read With

A peasant went to town and he noticed many things. For instance he noticed that many peasants wore eyeglasses while reading newspapers.

The peasant entered an optician's and asked for glasses to read with.

The optician tried on many pairs while the peasant looked at a book; but each time answered, "No, I can't read anything".

The optician, tired of trying his glasses on the man, said to him, "Do you know how to read?"

"What a foolish question," he replied, "if I knew how to read I would not want any glasses".

BUCK

It was on a bright spring day when a gray she-wolf walked proudly forth from her rocky cave, followed by a litter of four pups. When they reached the outdoors, the sunlight blinded them, but they soon became accustomed to the bright glare; and after a time they began to play biting each other's ears and chasing each other about.

Days passed quickly and the pups grew rapidly. The first lesson the she-wolf taught them was to kill. She caught a large rabbit, wounded it and then left the rest to the pups. They pounced about it and finally buried their little teeth in its throat and devoured it.

Next she taught them to capture. She took them up by a big pine under which was a family of rabbits. When a rabbit appeared she pounced on it. The pups soon learned, and sometimes they separated, each at a hole by himself. The skillful one ate, and the clumsy ones went hungry except for a few left-over scraps.

One moonlight night when they were all asleep in the cave, they were awakened by a whine. The she-wolf ran out whining back. The pups followed her, and upon reaching the outside, they saw a large collie, which they knew by instinct, was their father.

He put up his ears and wagged his tail; then going over to the largest pup, he lapped his face. The pup stood his ground and only smelled of his father. There was a deep love between them which was already understood.

When the collie returned to his home he took the pup with him, although the poor little mongrel had all he could do to keep pace with his swift father. At last they reached the so-called home. It was a rustic log cabin. When the collie whined at the door, it was opened by a young man dressed in the uniform of the Royal Northwest Mounted Police.

The dog and pup ran in and the young man immediately recognized the pup as belonging to the collie for they looked alike. He decided to name him Buck because of the color of his fur.

Days passed into weeks and weeks into months. By fall Buck was as big as most full grown dogs. Billy, his master, had fed him well.

One crisp evening Buck and his father took their usual trot down to a nearby brook for a drink. Buck ran ahead and just as he started to drink, he heard a rifle crack, a yelp, a dull thud, and a groan; then all was dead silence. Buck ran back to find his father dead with a bullet shot in his head. When he reached the cabin, he met Billy coming to investigate the noise. Billy showed the usual surprise and sorrow when one finds his pet dead. After a time he put Buck's father behind the cabin intending to bury him in the morning. Buck couldn't sleep because he missed his father and he became so restless that Billy let him out.

As soon as he was outside he pricked up his ears for he heard a noise like that of someone tearing cloth. He went around back of the cabin and there was a man taking the pelt of his father. At the same time he smelled a scent just like the one which he had smelled when his father had been killed. He bared his teeth. That man had killed his father, he would kill him. With a powerful spring Buck jumped and landed on the man's shoulders. The man grappled and finally drew a knife. A hot sharp pain shot through Buck. It was a fight for life so he buried his fangs deep in the man's throat. The man slowly released his grasp on Buck and finally he lay back lifeless, never to rise again.

After Buck made sure he had defeated his opponent, he hobbled back to the cabin on three legs.

Billy let him in when he whined and immediately discovered a cut between his chest and right foreleg. Billy bandaged it and then taking his automatic, he went out to find out the cause. Going around back he stumbled over the body of the dead man. After he had dragged him around to the window, he recognized him as the man hunted by all the north country — Pierre Boulard, trap thief, and all around criminal. Going into his cabin he wirelessly for a patrol of men with two extra horses. The reply came back "O. K."

The next morning they came. Boulard was put on one horse, and Billy carrying Buck rode on the other. After twelve hours of riding, the party reached Moosehead Lodge, tired and cold.

Upon entering the Lodge, Billy was greeted by three lusty cheers from his brother officers. Then Commander-in-Chief Carrigan advanced and put a captain's bar on Billy's shoulder, and a collar of elkskin and gold on Buck's neck. This was followed by a banquet. And now Billy is captain and Buck is mascot of the Moosehead Lodge Post.

ROBERT GARDNER, '26.

THE CHIMES

We thought, and thought, and thought in vain,
To give our paper a proper name,
The "Script", the "Scribe", and many more,
But to get a good one, our hair we tore.

When suddenly 'cross the lowly plain,
We heard the chimes ring out songs of fame.
As if in answer to our plea,
It seemed to say, "Name it for me".

We hope THE CHIMES will bring to you
Memories of school days old or new.

WINIFRED WARD, '25.

THE GREAT GAME

The great day had come at last. It was the first of December, the date set for the big football game between Bradley College and Williams College. Everybody had been impatiently awaiting the time when the college championship would be decided. Both teams had been trained to perfection, and now in private, they were getting last minute instructions. There was to be a big banquet in the evening for the winning team.

Dick Williams was playing the last game of his college career. He played fullback for Williams College, and also was captain of his team. He was urging the players to do their best.

"Now fellows", said he to the other players, "everyone must play his best in order to win this game. Play clean and hard and if they win, it will be because they have the best team."

The cheering that greeted them when they ran on to the field was deafening. The Bradley team was already there. After a few minutes of passing and kicking the ball, the referee called the two captains together. He flipped a coin. Captain Williams called, "Heads". Bradley College won the toss and they chose to kick-off.

The game started, but during the first quarter, although it was very exciting, neither side scored. Each line held firmly and not much ground was gained.

During the second quarter, things went a little differently. Bradley College recovered the ball on a fumble on Williams' twenty-yard line. Not being able to make any substantial gain through the line or around the ends, the fullback kicked a beautiful field goal which made the score 3-0 in favor of Bradley.

The Bradley cheer leaders were dancing about like madmen. All the people were on their feet, calling on the Williams boys to make a touchdown. All in vain. The period ended with the score 3-0. During the intermission, Captain Williams called again upon his men to do their best.

"Fight boys", said he, "fight and we'll win this game yet". And fight they did, but to no avail. The line of Bradley College was like a stone wall. Neither could the Bradley team make any gains on their opponents. Trick plays, forward passes, and line plunges were stopped as quickly as they started. The period ended with no further scoring.

The fourth and last period began. For the first ten minutes nothing exceptional happened. Some people began to leave. Then came the break in the game. It was Bradley's ball on Williams' fifty-yard line. Captain Dick was playing about five yards in back of the line. He saw the left end of the other team run out to receive a forward pass. The ball came spiralling straight toward the hands of the waiting end; but just before it landed, Captain Dick grabbed it out of the air, and started racing down the field.

In an instant the crowd was on its feet yelling, shouting, and throwing hats into the air. There was only one man barring his path. If he could only get by! He saw the man dive for his legs and he felt him grab one of his feet, but in some way he wriggled free and he ran as he had never run before. He crossed the goal line and made the touchdown.

The cheering was loud and long. The touchdown made the score 6-3 in favor of Williams College. Before they had time to kick the goal, the whistle blew.

The game was over. Williams College had won. The crowd rushed on to the field and put Captain Williams on their shoulders and began a snake dance around the field. He was the hero of the game, and he had won his last football game for his college.

JAMES DWYER, '24.

THE SCITUATE HIGH SCHOOL

(With apologies to Henry Wadsworth Longfellow)

Under the climbing ivy,
The Scituate High School stands,
The School, a mighty one is it,
Above the Scituate sands.
The pupils within its red brick walls
Are formed in loyal bands.

The lessons are long and hard and tough,
The books are old and worn,
For in their days of usage rough,
Their pages oft were torn.

Day in, day out, from nine till three,
You can see those pupils work.
And the parents coming to visit school,
Can see that they never shirk.

When its twelve thirty-five at High School,
You can hear the orchestra tune,
You know the life they put in it,
Is to make old Scituate boom.

In the Scituate High School libr'y,
You can find all the poems that you say,
From the Gettysburg of memories,
To the Flanders of today.

EDWARD DRISCOLL, '26.

ALUMNI NOTES

Samuel Reddy '23, is in the employment of his brother at Con-toocook, New Hampshire.

Arthur Sylvester '23, is attending the Eastern Radio Institute.

Dorothy Gannett '23, is attending Bridgewater Normal School.

Velma Pelrine '23, is employed at the Dreamwold Village office.

Barbara O'Connor '23, is taking a post graduate course at the Scituate High School.

Walter Pepper '23, is working in the South Station.

Wesley Vines '23, is attending Northeastern University.

Carlton Litchfield, Mildred Webster, Hilda Stenbeck '23, Evelyn Clapp, Mildred Driscoll '22, are taking courses at Boston University.

Ruth Hall is employed as stenographer in a State Street broker's office.

Helen Lee is at home.

Mary O'Hern '23, is attending Bryant & Stratton's Business School.

Leo Murphy '23, is employed as stenographer in a Boston office.

George Webb '23, is at home.

Ina Litchfield '22, is in charge of our cafeteria.

Alma Jenkins '22, is attending Simmons College.

Kenneth Bates '22, is attending Normal Art School.

Gertrude Ward '21, graduate of Perry Normal School, is teaching at Matfield, Mass.

Alice Doherty '21, is at home.

Nellie Sharpe '21, is attending Framingham Normal.

Maude Webb '22, is employed at the Scituate Telephone Exchange.

Louise Murphy '22, is employed as stenographer at G. Dana Yeaton's office.

Heard in Calisthenics

R. B.—What is the name of this dance?

E. B.—She said it was the Ox dance.

R. B.—It looks more like the Cowslip.

* * * *

H. J. (getting ready to take dictation at the office)—Gert, does he go fast?

G. S.—Does he go fast, where?

H. J.—Mr. Martin in dictation.

* * * *

Mr. Norton—What question is it that is bothering you, George?

G. Merritt—It isn't the question, it's the answer.

* * * *

CAN YOU IMAGINE

Miss Elliott giving a short home lesson?
Herbert Frye being out of Life-Savers?
Everyone agreeing in the Senior Class meetings?
Leavitt Morris when he isn't winking at someone?
Bessie Scannell not asking questions?
Ruth Welch not on the Senior Class Dues Trail?
Martha Lincoln not telling jokes?
Gordon Tucker not passing out gum?
Eleanor Dwyer not having anything to do at noon?
Glea Cole not getting the corner seat in the barge?
Mae Flaherty being prepared in French?
Amy Frye knowing her history lesson?
Gertrude Stanley looking serious?
What Economics would be without the "bread line" at the
pencil sharpener?
George Murphy not talking?
Why the Seniors sneezed in Economics? Miss Callahan couldn't.

There are many schools like Scituate High,
No matter where you go,
But Henry's millions couldn't buy
Another we'd love so.

Its walls are worked artistically,
With outlines large and bold,
But why in the winter must it be
So very, very, cold?

The pupils are a lively bunch,
The teachers aren't so slow.
And as for the daily Annex Lunch,
It's the best there is, I know.

We have a well filled library,
With most interesting books,
And the Office and Assembly,
Are not so bad on looks.

In Nineteen twenty-five or so,
I hope my class will say,
"I hate to graduate and go,
But we'll come back some day."

VELMA LITCHFIELD, '25.

FRESHMEN BOYS AND THEIR FAVORITE SAYINGS

walter Stone—I don't believe it!
 george Clapp—I come from W. Hanover!
 wilmur morgan—Let's have a rasel (wrestle).
 john sTanley—I doubt it!
 paUl quinn—I got a new idea!
 frAnk whittaker—Aw, go on!
 george merriTt—Go on with ya!
 malcolm mErritt—No kiddin'!
 charles Harris—Wa'na fight?
 allen vInal—Aw, quit it!
 sturGess evans—Why don't ya!
 eHarles sylvester—I hate History!
 stafford Short—I don't!
 Charles lowe—Ya, I know it!
 joHn davy—How are you vine o'l girl?
 rObert bonney—Let's skip!
 gOrdon tucker—Cut it out!
 wiLliam jenkins—You kin!

COLTON MORRIS, 27.

EXCHANGES

This being our first issue of *THE CHIMES*, we are very grateful to the following schools for sending their papers:

The *Echo*, Sumner High School, Holbrook, Mass. Fine jokes and poems.

The *Abhis*, Abington High School, Abington, Mass. A very good paper, especially the literary department.

The *Partridge*, Partridge Academy, Duxbury, Mass. A fine paper.

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Write of creatures wild or tame.
Write of folks well known to fame.

Write of travel; write of art,
Every one must take a part.
Write of everything you see,
Write of things that ne'er may be.

Write of sinner; write of saint,
Write of new or old things quaint.
Be you bold or faint of heart
Just please try and make a start.

HAZEL EATON, '26.

Miss Hastings—Who is the first lady of the land?
Glea Cole—Eve.

* * * *

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